

# Rites

## Warthog

I'll  
crawl out of my skin  
leave all that I love  
left a letter on the bed  
every harm  
every violent  
moment  
all of our faults aside  
drift through rooms  
of white light  
lie on the ground  
are you sitting down?  
are you sitting down?  
our family's in the background  
where  
does your art come from?  
the Lion and the Lamb  
our family's in the background  
my heart pumps blood  
a ghost in sun  
you keep disappearing  
I keep disappearing  
are you sitting down?

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